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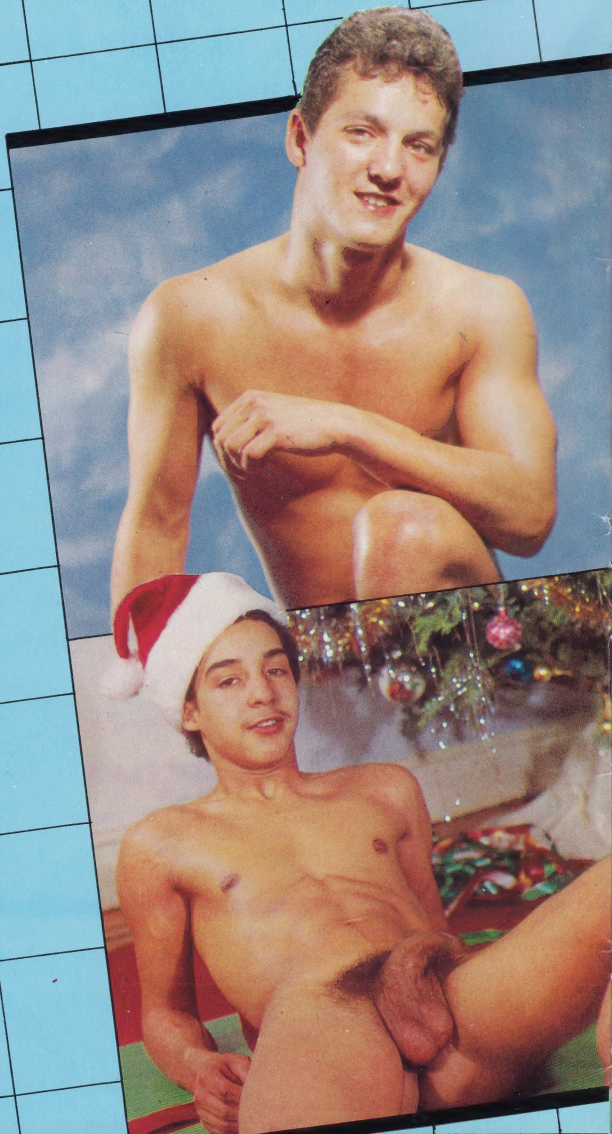
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THE LITERARY MART

BY JAY VENISE

THE AIDS EPIDEMIC

Includes new findings from top medical sources with sane, balanced guidelines to control this century's most frightening health threat.

How You Can Protect Yourself and Your Family—Why You Must

JAMES I. SLAFF, M.D.,

medical investigator at the National Institutes of Health
and JOHN K. BRUBAKER

AIDING YOUR UNDERSTANDING

Two paperbacks currently on the shelves might help your understanding of Aids and how to help protect yourself:

A Strange Virus of Unknown Origin (Available Press, \$4.95) by Jacques Leibowitch, is translated from the French. Leibowitch serves as a medical detective taking us by the hand as he recounts the signposts and conclusions which led to the designation AIDS (or SIDA, as the French would have it). This is a book before the fact, leading to the facts. It is written in an easy to understand style and will help the reader maintain a better understanding.

The AIDS Epidemic (Warner Books, \$4.95) by Dr. James Slaff and John Brubaker, is a general overall view of the illness. Much of what it contains is already known, but there are some questions we all have. This book helps to answer some of them.

A true medical detective story by Dr. Jacques Leibowitch

The heroic, behind-the-scenes account of the international medical investigation of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS)

Translated from the French by Richard Howard

With an Introduction by Dr. Robert C. Gallo



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A Strange Virus of Unknown Origin

CLASSIC MURDERS

There have been a complete series of Joseph Hansen Dave Branstetter mysteries, as well as an assortment of Nathan Aldyne tales (the last, *Slate*, being by far the worst). But our favorites in both departments are: *Troublemaker*3, wherein there's a question of a life insurance policy on a dead man, Rick Wendell, a one-time part owner of a gay bar, The Hang Ten, and *Vermillion*, wherein a murderer had, to put it succinctly, a weakness for boys. If you haven't tried either of these, do so. NOW.

Troublemaker (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$3.50); *Vermillion* (Avon, \$2.75).



UNCOMMONLY GOOD

SOMETHING IN COMMON (By Robert Robin, Simon & Schuster, \$16.95)

If you can get your hands on a copy of this novel which came out last year, do so. *Something in Common* is a beautifully wrought novel about Joel Stern, a successful lawyer, who is living a life of lies. The lie is brought home when he meets the friend of his once closest friend and an ensuing tragedy which follows their meeting.

Aside from the story about how one man gets it straight and learns how to more fully accept himself, *Something in Common* is also about loving: the loving of a husband towards his wife, of a father towards his children, and a friend towards a friend and a lover.

Perhaps the novel is autobiographical, as Robert Robin is a lawyer living in Chicago, one cannot say; what can be said is that *Something in Common*, is quite uncommon, a good and heartfelt read.

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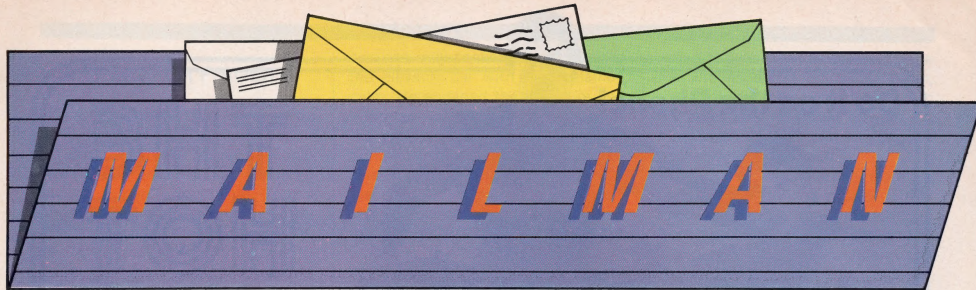
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HIGH SCHOOL REVISITED

I took special interest in reading Marvin Bevans' commentary on his high school reunion which appeared in the November issue of *Blueboy*. My ten-year class reunion took place last year and I confess that numerous apprehensions nearly prevented me from attending. Like Mr. Bevans, I had been a small, skinny kid; I, too, could not play ball worth a damn. While it goes without saying that such attributes do not insure an adolescent's popularity, I shouldered the additional burden of being the 'class brain' — and the 'class queer.'

A closeted existence never suited my nature. At the age of sixteen, I was decidedly gay and quite blatant about my preferences. It was not uncommon for me to be seen in the company of older 'artistic' types. Nor did I hesitate to give long, lusty looks to the boys who surrounded me in the gymnasium's communal shower. One year, I frosted my dark brown hair with brilliant streaks of blond. On Thursdays, when local folklore had it that 'queers' wore green, I made a *point* of wearing green!

Of course my outrageous behavior generated lots of name-calling and unpleasant confrontations by my peers. Nevertheless, it was so inwardly pleasing to flaunt my differences that I was willing to suffer the consequences. The southern, Bible Belt town where I attended high school did not smile kindly on being 'different.' But then again, I was never particularly impressed by the townspeople's blind adherence to convention.

After the passage of ten years, I found myself wondering what had become of those classmates who had, at one time, managed to make my life

so difficult. Curiosity got the better of me, so I decided to make an appearance at our class reunion. What I discovered corroborated with Mr. Bevans' belief that "who we were is so much a part of who we are."

When I rejoined my former classmates, it occurred to me that I remained the 'different' one. While most everyone in my class had stayed in the south, I called New York my home. To be certain, I was still the shortest guy in the group. The class jocks continued to tower above me, yet their beer bellies and sallow complexions gave every indication that they had long ago abandoned the sporting life. I, on the other hand, had traded my frosted hair for a gym-groomed physique and a Fire Island suntan. My career as a free-lance writer seemed to strike my former classmates as somewhat glamorous when compared to the more traditional work they had stumbled upon. Moreover, I gained the distinct impression that many of them envied me more than a little.

The surprising thing about our reunion was that the same people who had once condemned my 'difference' now treated me as if I were a dear, old friend. While they were curious to hear my remarks on New York fashion, dining and nightlife, these traditional southern ladies and gentlemen also sought my opinion on the AIDS epidemic and what is being done about it. Their concern impressed me, their kindness was touching and I could not help but feel that I had returned home as somewhat of an ambassador from the gay community.

Of course I had always claimed that title. Ten years later, I was still the different one and my classmates had continued to carry on conven-

tional lives in traditional sorts of ways. Though I seemed to have gained a degree of acceptance among my former adversaries, I attributed this to the fact that a passage of time had naturally allowed all of us to become more secure with our adult 'selves.' Like Mr. Bevans, I came to conclude that it is much easier being a man than a boy. But unlike the author, I did not leave my reunion feeling mildly depressed. My parting thought, as I distinctly recall, was, "Gee, I'm glad I'm me!"

Tripp Vanderford
New York City



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A THING FOR FINGERS

The November issue of *Blueboy* packed lots of surprises and super-hot photos, but the layout of 'Tony' takes first prize in my opinion. Though I can't deny that Tony's smooth, lithe body and his juicy uncut cock put a bone in my meat, it was his *fingers* that *really* set my nuts to churning. There's something about a handful of long plump fingers that absolutely drives me wild, but perhaps I should try to explain why.

Quite frankly, nothing can get me so hot so quickly as the touch of a fat beefy finger prying into my pucker. Perhaps some may feel that fingering a butt-hole is nasty or lewd, but I prefer to think of it as naughty-good fun. Whenever a man starts fingering my crack, my hole springs wide open and my cock begins to drip with cream. A guy with big, thick fingers who's willing to dig deep inside my turd-tunnel can make me come in buckets. But unfortunately, there aren't many men who seem to share my enthusiasm for finger-fucking.

Although it may be nothing more than wishful thinking on my behalf, something about Tony's mischievous smile tells me that he might like to pop one of his long thick fingers in my poop-chute. At any rate, I hope that *Blueboy* photographers will continue to keep a focus on fingers when they're photographing the models' more private digits!

Jim J.
San Francisco, CA

HARD TIMES

The most awful things happen to me. Last week, for instances, I was sitting behind my desk and working my ass off when I glanced out the window to discover that a meter maid was about to ticket my car. Naturally I wished to avoid a fine so I rushed out of the office and dashed into the elevator. The door closed behind me, then some more bad luck came my way.

The elevator refused to budge! When I pressed the 'door open' button, nothing happened. When I leaned on the 'lobby' button, *still* nothing happened! I began to panic, but the

one and only passenger who shared the elevator car with me remained calm. He engaged the intercom and informed the maintenance crew of the problem. To my utter exasperation, the crew replied that it would be at least thirty minutes until they could rescue us.

It was obvious that I was not going to avoid getting a parking ticket, but that was the least of my worries. What *did* bother me my fello passenger. His dark, shifty eyes made me feel uneasy and a fresh scar across his forehead led me to believe that he knew lots about violence. Since he was wearing jeans and a grubby T-shirt, I could tell that his six-foot frame was packed full of powerful muscles. His skinhead haircut made him look sort of tough and his pant leg featured a bulge that took the shape of a pistol.

A cold sweat broke across my brow when the stranger slipped a hand in his pant pocket. Though his cocky expression never changed, his shifty eyes cut through me. In a low, gruff voice, he said something that rattled my nerves. "The last time I got stuck in an elevator," he informed me, "a guy tried to jump on my bone."

Although my knees were shaking, I manufactured a steady voice and clicked my tongue, "That's *terrible*!"

The skinhead narrowed his eyes. "Wasn't so bad," he grunted. "I like hav'n my dick sucked."

"Oh?" I squeaked.

My mind went haywire for a minute. Then, the next thing I knew, the stranger had whipped out his meat and was wagging it in my direction. Since his cock was swollen to the size of a banana, I couldn't help but stare at it. The shaft was popping with thick blue veins and its cone-shaped knob throbbled an angry shade of red. A trail of pre-cum that oozed from its snarled piss-slit caused my mouth to water and my knees simply gave way beneath my weight.

It was the only sensible thing to do. I didn't want to anger the horny muscleman so I attempted to humor him with my lips. When my mouth locked on the tip of his hefty tool, he gave an approving sigh. The sweaty-sweet taste of his maleflesh encouraged me to lap at his hard fat root, then my treacherous tongue glided across his fiery cockhead. Though I was pre-

pared to use my mouth to pleasure him with a slow, steady suck-motion, the punk had other ideas. Grasping my shoulders, he thrust forward his hips and rammed his humongous pecker down my throat!

"Suck it, cocksucker! Eat my manmeat! Yeah, scumbag yuppie!" Drink my dickjuice!" As the words tumbled from his mouth, I opened wide and allowed his beefy joint to slide in and out of my throat. Though it was incredibly difficult to accommodate the great length of his prod, I somehow managed.

It was the oddest thing. The harder he fucked my face, the harder my dick grew! My erection began to thrash inside my jockey shorts, my nuts started to tingle, then a pleasurable pressure slowly mounted between my thighs. All of a sudden, the stud's cock plunged all the way down my throat. A coarse groan echoed off the elevator walls and before I knew what had hit me, a large dose of bitter-sweet cream splattered my mouth!

The taste of cum got me so excited that I simply lost control of myself. As I feverishly set to sucking the last drops of gizz from the skinhead's thick pipe, my dick gave a wild leap inside my briefs. Then a shot of warm wetness dampened my underwear!

It was absolutely amazing! Before I could catch my breath, the stud had tucked away his pistol and walked out of the elevator! When I realized that the door had opened, I scrambled to my feet and flashed a sheepish grin toward the maintenance crew that was gathered outside the elevator. To be certain, I was terribly embarrassed to have been caught on my knees, but that wasn't the worst of it! When I chased across the lobby to try to find the humpy hunk, I discovered that he was nowhere to be found!

Damnation! Not only had I missed a golden opportunity to add a phone number to my little black book of fuck-friends, but *also* I later discovered that my car had been towed away. To top it off, my soiled underwear was sticking to my balls and I didn't have a single clean pair stored in my office.

The most *awful* things happen to me!

Paul R.
St. Louis, MO

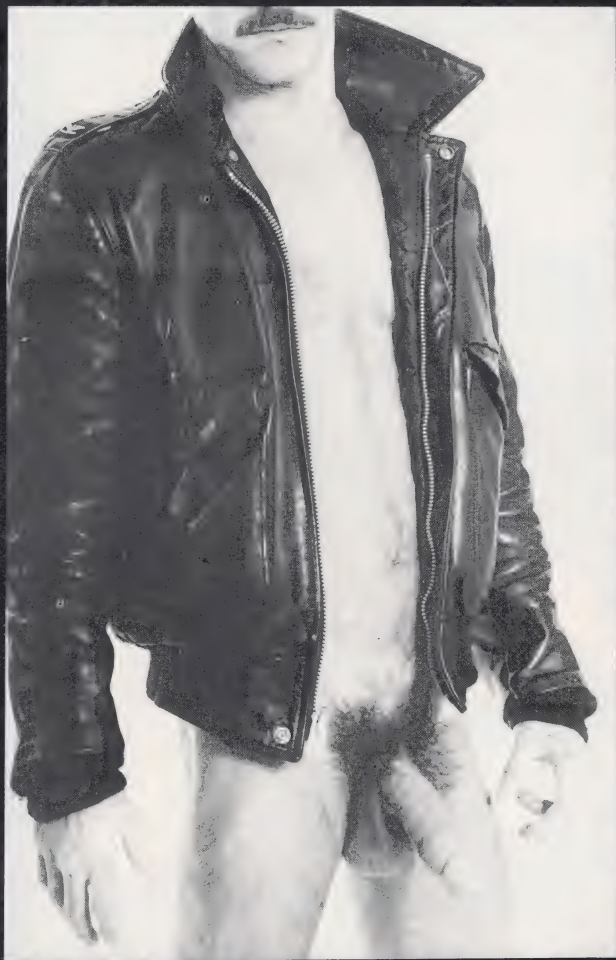
PORTFOLIO






PHOTOGRAPHED BY

EMILE GRECO







**With loneliness
eating at him and
the silence of the
old house press-
ing him in, just a
few days before
Christmas, Thom
decided to go
into town . . .**



WINTER DREAMS

BY VINCE FITZPATRICK

Covington Corners, Maine, in the wintertime, Thom discovered, was no place for a man to be.

As the days shrank down and the season contradicted inwardly against the coming winter; as the trees bared their stiff branches and scraped the sky, and the sky glowed its sharp, cold patterns of stars like chips of blue ice, Thom found his loneliness



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more oppressive, work on his novel becoming harder.

Still he plowed bravely on with his writing. Early each morning he put on his army field jacket and climbed up to the attic. He had fixed a workroom up there—a desk, a chair, filing cabinets, and his typewriter. In the wintry silence with only the wind moaning around the eaves and chilly drafts flowing around him, Thom kept revising his first draft. It was slow painful work. And when he read it back in late evening, he realized it was no good.

No good at all.

Now, in December, when the snow blanketed the world like a white shroud and the day mists erased all life beyond the windows, Thom hung it up.

"Writer's block," he said aloud to the silent attic. He slipped the manuscript, now grown so heavy, into the desk drawer. He sighed wearily as he locked the attic door after him, and promised himself he'd be back up here and writing after a few days.

But inwardly, he knew it wasn't writer's block. One the way downstairs, he caught his reflection in the mirror on the landing wall. He shrank back as if from a blow.

The mirror reflected the face of a stranger—his eyes, dull and empty, his beard wild and unkempt, and thick black hair that had become too long. Could this be me? He thought desperately. And he knew he could no longer keep from himself what he tried to do in these months of unremitting labor: He needed something to give an edge to his life . . . someone . . .

He hungered, he yearned for a man . . .

II

Thom had inherited this house along with some money when his aunt Berenice died. It was about two miles out of Covington Corners on the road south of town that snaked thru the piney woods. With such good fortune coming his way, Thom threw up his job in a N.Y.C. advertising agency and headed north. He thought this would be the perfect place to finish his novel 'A Long Way Till Sundown'.

During the spring and summer everything went o.k. After working all day, Thom would walk at evening towards what the natives grandly called downtown. Covington Corners was well off the tourist path, so there were

car loads of summer people, or folks looking for antiques or to browse among the quaint and the curious. The natives were not prepared to welcome Thom with open arms, even tho Berenice had lived here all her life. The fact that he was from N.Y.C. and a writer was two strikes. But he had made friends with Sandra, the owner of a local diner. Sometimes, when she worked waitress night shift, he would sit around and talk with her. Often, they went dancing at a roadhouse, or went to the movies.

But he knew Sandra could never satisfy him, and his hungers . . .

Now, in December, he just worked at repairing the house, his novel completely forgotten. The house being an old Victorian monstrosity would keep him busy doing patch-up work till next spring. But often, he would spend his mornings just laying in bed dreaming his winter dreams . . . dreaming of a man. By afternoon he would work up enough energy to go jogging. He made a spectral figure jogging down the road with the mist rising from the river, and the fog moving thru the woods. At thirty-three he kept himself in good shape. No fat. No flab. He did push-ups and worked out with bar bells he brought from the city.

Then one Saturday night a few days before Christmas, he decided to go into town. With his loneliness eating at him and the silence of the old house pressing around him, he could stand it no longer. There must be a man in town, he thought. Maybe a logger or some lonesome trucker holed up in a motel . . . If not, he could always see Sandra at the diner. He put on his field jacket and boots and left the house. He turned up his collar against the cold.

A white skein of snow covered the road like a shroud. A thin ghostly halo ringed the full moon. It hung on his shoulder like a nemesis reminding him of his hungers, his loneliness relentlessly pursuing him . . . A low, moaning wind rode the night. And as the wind raked the pine tree pressing in from either side of the road, the branches rubbed against each other like the sound of rusted blades. He hurried along.

In the spectral moonlight a figure loomed up before him. A man. Obviously walking from town. Thom was startled. Hardly anyone walked this road by day much less by night. Thom saw, even from a distance, that the

man was powerfully built, wearing an army field jacket, levis, and boots. Long red hair tumbled down from under his stetson, and he sported a full flame-red beard. He hefted a duffle bag on his shoulder.

"Are you lost, fella?" Thom asked as he approached the stranger.

"No man," the stranger said in a soft voice. "I'm on my way to Bushmill. About ten miles thru the woods."

Thom vaguely remembered Sandra saying that Bushmill was a collection of cabins in the woods inhabited by strange, isolated families. This man must be one of the woods people.

"Oh," Thom said. "I just never saw anyone on this road at night before. I own the old Harrington place now."

"You never seen me because I've been away. I've been working roughneck in the Texas oil fields. I came back to visit my folks for Christmas. I just got off a Greyhound from Houston."

"Well, I guess you don't mind walking then . . . But if you want some coffee you're welcome to stop at my place," Thom offered, figuring to be neighborly.

"That's mighty nice of you. I think I'll take you up on that offer. It's damn cold. They call me Bear," the man said with a grin, offering his paw.

"I'm Thom."

They shook each other's hand with strong, manly grips.

Thom walked with Bear back to the house. The woodsman spoke about how he had to leave the woods because of problems with his folks. What these problems were he didn't say.

"I hope your wife won't mind me crashing in at this hour," he heard the woodsman say.

Now or never! Thom thought swiftly.

"I live alone," he said. "You're welcome to stay the night . . . if you want . . ." He let his voice go heavy with invitation. And as if to give emphasis to his words, he placed his hand on Bear's shoulder. He hoped desperately the red-bearded hunk would respond to this obvious gesture.

Bear stopped walking and turned to face Thom. In the moonlight Thom saw that his eyes were very blue, his face intense. The wind moaned softly around them.

"Is that an invitation for something more than to just spend the night?" the woodsman asked.

Thom shrugged. "Take it any way you want."

"I think you're primed for something more than pouring me coffee," Bear said.

"I'm gay," Thom admitted.

"That makes two of us," the big man said with a grin.

" . . . he went upstairs to the bedroom. Bear was already buck naked, standing on the rug. He had turned on the night table lamp and its soft glow diffused around the room. Thom closed the door."

III

After Thom finished stroking up the ancient furnace, he went upstairs to the bedroom. Bear was already buck naked, standing on the rug. He had turned on the night table lamp and its soft glow diffused around the room. Thom closed the door.

With the lamp glow falling on him, Thom saw his night visitor was a magnificent male animal. He stood well over six feet with powerful shoulders and torso, and the beginnings of a beer belly. His body was covered with red hair that glowed reddish gold in the lamp light. He reminded Thom of a warm, living column of flame.

The big man flashed a goaty grin at him as he stroked his cock to hardness. Thom's own cock went trembling with desire behind his zipper.

Thom climbed out of his clothes and naked walked over to where Bear was standing. He reached out his arm and grabbed his night visitor behind his head with one hand, and pushed Bear's face into his own. Their mouths mashed against each other's in long, wet French kisses. Tongue warred against tongue like two mad-dened snakes, their faces lust-riddled. Bear grabbed Thom around the neck with a powerful hug and kissed him passionately. Thom thought swiftly that Bear's need must be as desperate as his own! With his free

hand, Bear pulled at Thom's nipples which were red and rock-hard as two small needles standing up.

They pressed closer luxuriating in the feel of man-flesh pressed against man-flesh. Their kisses grew wilder in passion; their beards rubbed against each other's in friction. Bear slid his

hand between their pressed torsos, and Thom felt his shaft cupped in Bear's hot paw. Their mouths kept mashing against each other as they growled from sex-constricted throats.

Suddenly, Thom drew apart. He didn't want to shoot his load without first eye-balling every inch of the magnificent woodsman.

He dropped to his knees and knelt before the red-bearded hunk. He eyed the dick meat. It was a powerful piece of equipment. It rose from a thick shag of red fur and stood up a good eight and a half inches, the purplish head round and soft. His balls, full and down, were like two ripe plums in the shadow between his legs. Thom rolled Bear's low hangers in his palm while his eyes feasted on his shaft.

Bear pushed Thom's head gently forward. "Suck it a little, if you want," he crooned.

Hungrily, Thom took the horse shaft in his mouth, the head glazed over with pre-cum. Thom licked it like an ice-cream slurpie, smearing his mouth with it. Then he swallowed the dick meat down to its base. Above him he could hear Bear growling with pleasure, while his two paws roughly rubbed Thom's head.

Slowly, he let the shaft slip out of his mouth. He looked up at Bear Tow-

ering above him, "Do you want me to get you off this way?" he breathed.

As if from a great height, Bear looked down at him. His blue eyes bore in to Thom's, his voice low and urgent. "No man, that's not what I want ... That's not what I want at all ... What I want is to feel your man meat up my shitter. I want you to fuck my ass till I go out of my fucking mind."

"Ah, you like taking it up the ass, then?" Thom whispered.

"Shit, yes."

Thom jack-knifed around and knelt behind the red-bearded hunk. Bear's back and ass mounds glowed in the lamp light. Like the rest of him, his heavy ass mounds were covered with a reddish down. Tufts of red hair flared at the small of his back and meandered down his ass crack like a brushfire along a canyon.

"It's been a long time since I've seen the best part of a man," Thom said.

Thom pressed his face against the crack. He let his tongue glide down the long, furry length of it from top to bottom, while breathing in the rich man-musk there. He kneaded the powerful ass globes, the flesh so warm under his open palms.

Bear bent forward a little and spread his cheeks. At the bottom of his fur-filled cave, Thom spied the manhole. With the lamp light falling across it, it looked so puckered, so rosey, so open ...

"Ah man," he breathed, feasting on the rosebud with his eyes. His tongue continued to lick at the silkskin of Bear's cave, snake into the hole. Bear uttered low, throaty growls as his hole was being rimmed.

"Fuck me, man!" Bear suddenly said in an excited voice. "Fuck my shitter! Get your meat up my chute and fuck me like you never fucked a man before!"

Reluctantly, Thom pulled his rimming mouth away from that prime manhole and gave his attention to his own throbbin' meat. He stood up. He gripped Bear around the waist and aimed his dick at the hot, gaping hole. He watched his engorged dickhead sucked in by the rosey lips. He slowly

eased into the chute beyond, which seemed to suck his dick inward and upward into delicious warmth.

Waves of pleasure washed over him like a flood of warm bath water. Small sensations like electric jabs went thrilling along his skin. His whole body was a trembling column of sex, his balls aching and overloaded. Teeth bared, he uplifted his face in pleasure, the kind of pleasure that takes a man out of his mind.

"Oh, Jesus ..." he moaned. "Oh, Jesus ..."

He mindlessly let himself fuck Bear's ass in slow, easy strokes, sex moaning.

"Fuck me harder!" he heard Bear bellow in fevered excitement. "Plunge that pole up my shitter! Fuck it raw!"

Obeying the ridden man's command, Thom arched his body forward and plunged all the way up with mighty, piston-like thrusts. With each thrust his balls slapped wildly against Bear's ass cheeks. He gripped the woodsman harder, his nails ripping across Bear's belly flesh. Below him, Bear seemed convulsed in wild abandonment as he plowed the bucking ass. He could feel his raging, maddened shaft tearing at the tender tissue of the chute that shrank from the wild intruding dick. But Bear strained his guts harder and gripped the man meat, embedding it in anal heat.

Fuck lust swept over Thom's consciousness. He was lost to everything by his raging man-shaft's desire to fuck Bear's shitter. His breath came in short, hitching gasps; beads of sweat coursed down his face. They were like two rutting animals in pure lust, groaning, cursing, bellowing out of wild throats, fuck-maddened minds. The wild fuck continued.

"Fuck it, man!" Bear thundered.

Thom plowed on in fierce plunging strokes, his balls banging against Bear's ass. Suddenly, he felt his body convulse and his balls spasm on the brink of orgasmic release. "I'm cummmmm!" he roared. He felt load after load of cum shoot out of his raging dick and blast up Bear's ass. The room seemed to rock with the violence of his release. He felt his dick washed in his own hot cum flood. He looked down and saw some of the white jizz dribbling out of Bear's hole and wash down his crack. Shuddering in a final spasm, he shot the last of his load up the well-plowed ass.

At the same time Thom flooded in to him, Bear came. Bellowing wildly and pumping his shaft with a frenzied paw, he sent wave after wave of cum arching thru the air. It sailed across the room and splashed against the opposite wall. In the lamp glow the cum blistened like pearl drops as it coursed down the wall.

"Ah fuck ..." Bear breathed in a long sigh of relief.

Thom slid his wasted dick down the sloshy swamp of Bear's cum-drenched ass and out the hole. He was exhausted and staggered a little, unsteady on his feet. Bear collapsed backwards on the rug. The only sound was the two men's heavy breathing.

"That was the best blow I've had in years, man," Bear told him, grinning happily.

"Glad to oblige," Thom said.

"We gotta do this again sometime."

"Whenever you want," Thom answered.

He went into the bathroom and showered. He returned to the bedroom and scrambled under the blankets on his bed. After coming out of the head, Bear joined him under the blankets. Thom reached over and turned off the light. He lay there listening to the wind moaning around the eaves.

Then Thom jack-knifed onto his side and molded himself into the curve of his bedmate's body, pressing against him. He wanted to talk to the woodsman, to tell Bear of his winter dreams, how his winter dreams had come true ... But Bear, Thom discovered had already drifted off to sleep. And soon Thom fell asleep.

A thin wintery sun smeared the window and a grey yellow light washed around the room. Thom woke and looked beside him for his sleeping partner, but Bear was gone.

He scrambled into his clothes and went down to the kitchen.

Much to his surprise, there was a fresh pot of coffee brewing on the stove, and a tray of fresh-baked biscuits. On the table there was a note. He picked it up and read it.

Dear Thom,

I'll be back your way after Xmas. We'll get it on again man to man, maybe, fall in love with each other. Meanwhile, keep warm for me.

Bear

Thom put down the note and knew his life was going to be all right. ■



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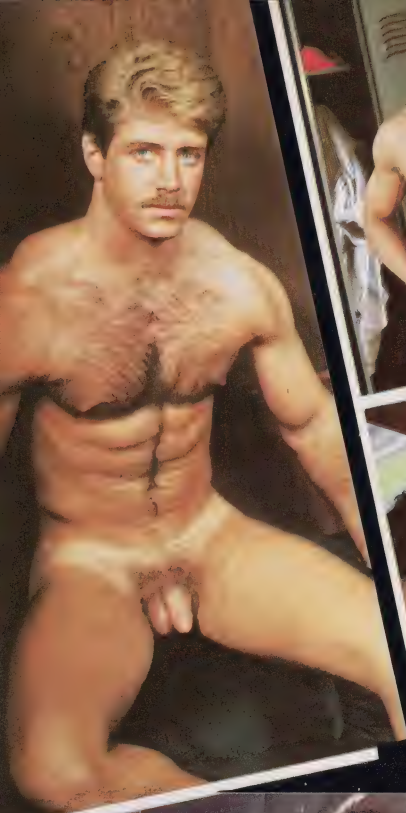












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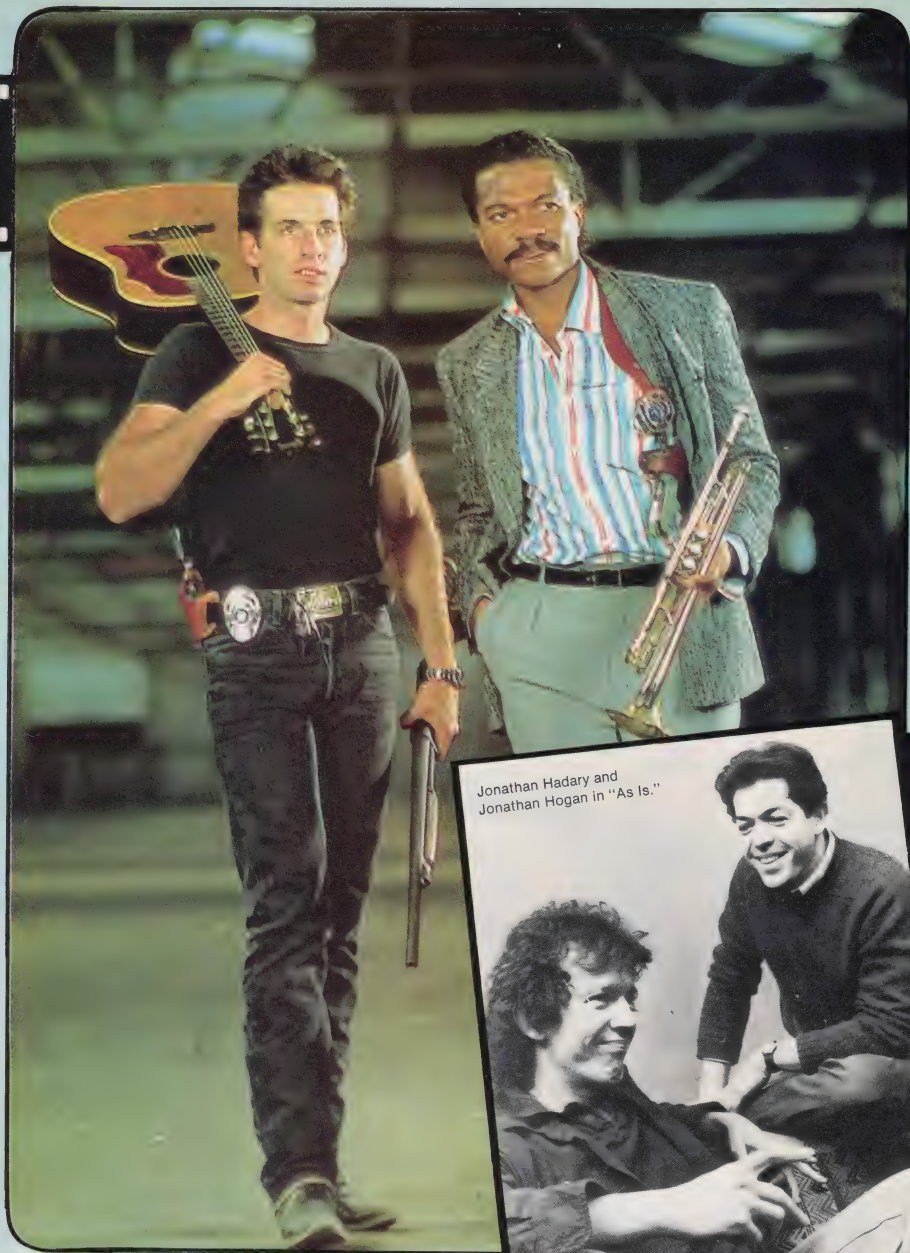
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Robert Carradine and Billy Dee Williams in a scene from "Number One With A Bullet" from Cannon Films.



Jonathan Hadary and Jonathan Hogan in "As Is."

"AS IS"

M.J. HILLE

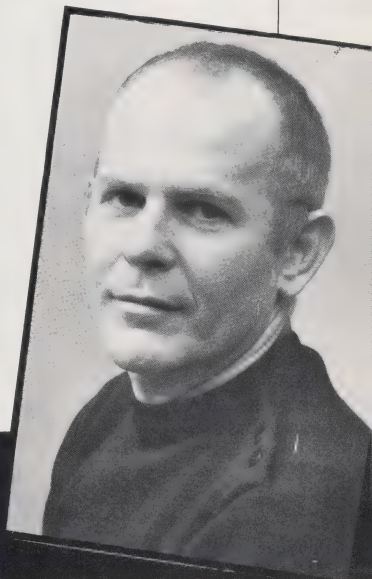
REMAINS AS IS: A BEAUTIFUL FILM DRAMA

As Is," the award-winning play by William Hoffman about a man dying of AIDS, has been successfully translated on to celluloid, with much of it remaining a moving, poignant drama.

Jonathan Hadary is still on hand portraying Saul, the man who must cope with caring for his lover, but this time the character dying of AIDS is no longer portrayed by Jonathan Hogan, but screen actor Robert Carradine. To his credit, the Hollywood star does a credible job; Hadary, as always, is in top form.

The story in a nutshell is simple: Saul is the level-headed if rejected lover of Rich; Saul is Jewish, Rich a WASP. After Rich comes down with AIDS, it is Saul who plays Mother Courage and nurses him through his stay in St. Vincent's Hospital, and later, at home. In flashback, we learn of Rich's indiscretions, his barroom antics, and his leap into the arms of a younger lover. The story is simple, it's the telling of it which is rich and flavored and textured, and the acting of it, which gives the drama its heightened and finally exalted dimension.

William Hoffman wrote the play as a tribute to six of his now dead friends, victims of the illness. It is a tribute which not only extends to them but the thousand others who have died and will die of this disease. Along with Larry Kramer's "The Normal Heart", it will serve as a reminder





Robert Carradine

of a time that is, but will hopefully soon be a time that was.

"As Is" began at a small Village Theatre, Circle Rep, then moved uptown to Broadway's Lyceum Theatre. "The Normal Heart" recently finished a run in London and it is reported that Barbra Streisand purchased the film rights.

But it is the filming of "As Is" we are here to talk about. It recently aired on Showtime Cable network, and it is hoped that the film will soon be available on video-cassette.

Hadary, who also starred in "Torch Song Trilogy" is not afraid of being type-casted. A native of Chicago, he went to school in Boston and starred in the national company of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," which ultimately led him to New York.

Carradine, of course, is from an acting family: father John, and brothers David and Keith. The youngest of seven brothers, Robert made his acting debut by accident in "Tobacco Road," when brother Keith was forced to leave the show early. He has worked constantly since that time. Among his film credits are: "The Cowboys," "Mean Streets," "Coming Home," "The Long Riders," "The Big Red One," and the popular "Revenge of the Nerds." Due for release shortly is "Number One With A Bullet," with Billy Dee Williams. He has also made numerous television appearances, including the recent mini-series, "The Sun Also Rises" with Jane Seymour and Hart Bochner.

In between assignments Carradine is an accomplished race car driver and a first rate guitar player.

If you can try and catch William Hoffman's beautiful play translated ever so eloquently on to film. Hadary and Carradine carry the day, and let's also give three cheers to Colleen Dewhurst who makes the most of her brief appearance. And yet another three cheers for Carradine's Rich when he meets his brother in a hospital room. If the scene doesn't tear at you nothing will. ■

Greetings



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BY ERIC PERKINS









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MILITARY LIFE

BY RICK JACKSON

Life in the military, like life in prison, is something one has to experience to understand. Watch THE GREEN BERETS or MR. ROBERTS until next Tuesday, but remember too that Hollywood's view of the military is about as accurate as its view of sex.

Because I have a lot of gay friends who know I work with military types a lot, I'm often asked questions, especially after TOP GUN. Since readers of this magazine tend to be young gay males, I've decided to say my piece once and for all. When I was 18, I'd have cut off my dick rather than go

into the service. Back in the 70's, the American public was still pissed off about Vietnam so enlisting in the military was something that just wasn't done.

In the years since, two things have changed. First, the Reagan/Rambo revolution has shown that most

Americans' political views have shifted to the right. In the '70's, people just wanted to be let the fuck alone. Now, Americans, especially the young, want to show the world they're not going to be shit on any more. Since the Iran hostage crisis, the national psyche has been repeatedly jolted by bombings, hi-jackings, and threats coming from every nut-case going, and we've decided as a nation not to take it any more. After seeing movies where Stallone, Chuck Norris, and Schwarzenegger blow Russians, Vietnamese, and terrorists off the screen, the military sounds interesting. A second revolution has swept through only the gay community in the past few years. Since AIDS has become an omnipresent threat, only the terminally optimistic feel safe fucking and sucking everything in sight the way they did in the party days of the '70's. Most gay men still want the same thing — a lasting relationship, the feeling of belonging and feeling that you're not alone. The trick, of course, is how to find "the perfect man" when every time you take your dick out, you risk having it fall off. Consequently, the average gay American male has

become much more conservative in his sexual practices. Some limit activities, some use rubbers, some just love their hands. However this change has been reflected in the behavior of the individual, there's a gut-level feeling that life and love should be better.

The result of these two social revolutions is that many more men now fantasize about what it would be like to live with hundreds of young studs in a real-life shoot-em-up organization. In the past five years, I've lived with military units about ten months a year. As a tech-rep for a major defense contractor, I go on maneuvers with units to train our national killers in the fire control procedures for various missiles sold to Defense by my company. I've worked some with the Army, more with the Marines, but mostly with the Navy. What follows is based upon my observations as an outsider living inside the military. Certainly being the only civilian on a Navy ship is the best way to see the world because you can do more or less what you want. After a month or so at sea, sailors usually start to bitch to me about what's pissing them off

because they know I'm not in the system so I've heard all the usual complaints about the system at least once. What follows are my reactions, based mainly upon life Navy but with observations about the other branches wherever I have enough information to know what I'm talking about. I should say straight off that I know next to nothing about the Air Force and want to keep it that way since my few contacts with it haven't been cordial.

If you're seriously thinking about joining up and you've not been alone in a cave for the last decade, you ought to consider getting a confidential HTLV-3 antibody test done. No one seems to know whether there the vaguest relationship between a positive reading on the test designed to screen blood samples and whether one will eventually contract AIDS. Questions about the value or lack thereof of the test should be directed to a doctor. You should be aware, however, that the Department of Defense now uses the test on everyone who wants to enlist. Especially if you haven't completely come out, it would be a major downer to try to join

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only to be bounced out because you failed the test. Many awkward questions from your Aunt Millie—not to mention having a positive test report in a federal record with your name on it — could be avoided by doing some checking on the side first. I'd recommend getting in touch with any local gay information group nearby to see where you can get a CONFIDENTIAL test done before you do anything concrete about enlisting.

What's so good about joining the military, anyway? The pros and cons tend to balance out. Some people hate the service and can't wait to leave it, others use it to advantage and come out better than they could have dreamed possible.

One traditional reason for joining the service is a lack of jobs on the outside. The Army, especially, has a history of being full of folks from poor parts of the country who use the service to get a fresh start in life. For a young man sitting in an urban ghetto, a Southern backwater, or a West Virginia coal mining town with soaring unemployment, the military provides an escape into a wider world of adventure and opportunity. By joining up, he never has to worry about where his next meal is coming from. Oddly, life in the military is even quite secure. Even during wars such as Vietnam or Korea, considering that the armed forces were over two million strong, the chances of anything much happening to one individual were not statistically very great. The numbers of Americans killed by the Vietnam War and a year's traffic accidents were about the same—admittedly little comfort if you happen to be one of the statistics. Still, life in the military is hardly the Russian roulette existence many people fear and the Navy seems especially safe. Given a choice between a life of hopeless stagnation or oppressive poverty and serving a hitch, I would unhesitatingly recommend joining up.

Many young gays, though, join up for exactly the wrong reason. The idea of sleeping, eating, and showering with hundreds of hunks is fine for fantasy, but can be hell on wheels in practice. Slight differences in attitude exist between the services, but their policy boils down to this: if they officially discover you're gay, you're bounced out. Sometimes you're given an "administrative discharge", sometimes a "bad conduct discharge" —



"There are plenty of gay men in all the services, especially in the Marines and Navy, but they keep a very low profile. Most lead their sex lives off base."

but the fogies who control the military services fear having gays in the system like a big dog. Some observers suspect this fear is the real reason for the HTLV-3 antibody test being given to new recruits and slowly but systematically to everyone in uniform. The theory is that the Pentagon is using a fear of AIDS as an excuse to dump gays. In any case, despite what you may have seen in movies or read, no one in the service wants to be officially found to be gay.

There are plenty of gay men in all the services, especially in the Marines and Navy, but they keep a very low profile. Most lead their sex lives off base. Go to any gay hangout near a Navy or Marine installation, and you'll be able to tell the military types by their haircuts. A lot of guys—especially in the Marines—are GREAT looking, strictly hunk-of-the-year calendar material. I've always been especially partial to marines. They are kept in prime condition and turn into blazing fucking machines when they let themselves go. Occasionally guys

serving together on a ship will cut through the bullshit and start a low-key relationship, keeping it strictly secret from the rest of the crew. More often, gays are driven to a frenzy. Living with three hundred to five thousand other guys on a ship for months at a time, you know you're going to be thrown together with many hunks. Imagine sleeping across from such a creature for three years, dying to get your hands on him, but scared shitless of what would happen if you tried and he shot you down. Most guys in the military, after all, are NOT gay. When you find yourself attracted to a hunk, you start pussy-footing around, trying to feel him out. Since everyone, gay and straight alike, spends most of his time being superbitch so everyone else will think them tough, this pussy-footing can go on for months — and even then you might make a mistake. On the one hand, men have discovered years later that the object of their affections really wanted them, too, but just didn't have the

Continued on 86



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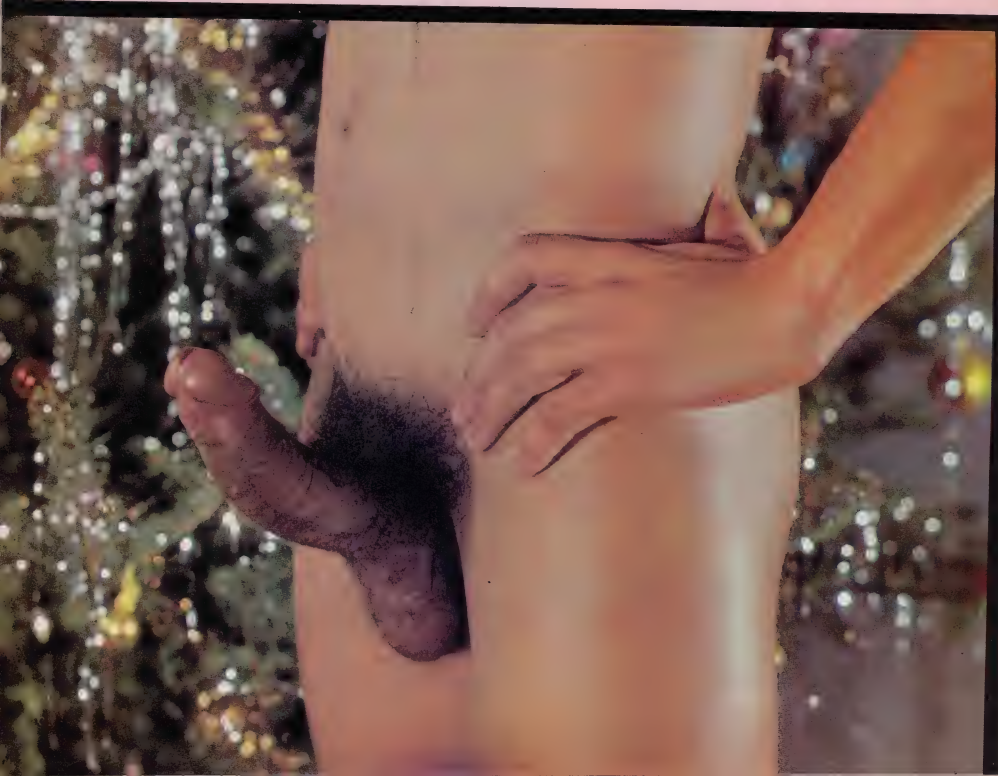
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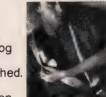
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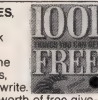
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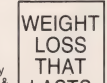
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The Taste of Lime

BY KENN RICHIE

“You may see a strang-errrr ——— across a crowded room, la la de dum dum, and somehow you know....”

I hate gay bar cruising cliches, but I was so in the midst of one that the Rogers and Hammerstein tune was dancing through my brain! A good twenty minutes of ritualistic bullshit had been going on while I lounged against a stack of beer cases by the

pinball machine and he was still at the far end of the bar. I've always been incredibly good at receiving signals, I'm a regular radio about those subtle little 'vibes' that go along with the glances to the crotch, the vague nods, the sly smiles and the rest of the routine . . . all done with apparent disinterest and innocence, of course.

I inhaled deeply, leaned back for a moment and considered how much I'd



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already learned about him other than the fact that I was hot to get him in the sack. His name was Kieth, unless he'd borrowed that hand tooled belt buckle, and he'd gone to college in Oklahoma a few years ago, unless he picked up that worn T-shirt at a garage sale. I usually look for other qualities before handsome, masculine good looks, but Kieth was so outstanding in that department that it demanded immediate attention. Still, other things I like had been nicely projected, such as his being fun-loving and outgoing without being loud or aggressive, and that he had a nice individuality about him. He wasn't into 'uniforms' of any sort, his faded levis had once been black, not blue. I especially liked his self confidence in his sexuality that allowed him to wear his ample supply of meat quite naturally, not stuffed down a leg to show off.

It occurred to me that this flirting across the room shit had gotten rather ridiculous. We'd already agreed on damn near everything but the brand of lubricant, what the fuck were we still doing working opposite sides of the room?!

I glanced back, catching him looking me over again, but this time I grabbed his eyes and refused to let go. I crushed out my cigarette in a gesture of concluding my visit to the bar, and fired an eye narrowing message of, "Well? Let's go."

Without taking his incredible bright blue eyes from mine, he playfully reached across the bar to a bowl on the service area and picked up a whole fresh lime. He rolled it in his hand for a moment, then on the bar. Next, he put it to his mouth. Juice spit from it as his glistening white teeth bit it open. He chewed the rind aside and began munching at the pulp.

My lips puckered tightly and my mouth gushed with saliva at the sight.

He laughed, set the fruit aside, wiped his mouth, then sauntered over to where I was still wincing at the thought of eating a lime. "I'm on foot," he said. "If you've got the wheels, will you let me drive? I'm house sitting a friend's fancy home up in the hills, we can have the run of the place for the weekend, but it'd be a bitch to try to give you directions up a zillion little hillside streets."

He drove, but I had him stop at a liquor store to be sure I had a weekend's supply of cigarettes. He stopped in at the drug store next door. We hadn't

gotten around to sharing names yet, but we prepared for the weekend.

We parked the car in the garage, and I hurried to go slightly bonkers over the late sunset, twilight view of the city across a cool, inviting and totally secluded swimming pool. "Let me go check that my friend got to the airport o.k.," he suggested. "His car's gone, but I'll make sure. God ahead and go skinny dipping if you want."

I was as happy to get naked with Kieth with this excuse as any, so I piled my clothes on a patio chair and dove in for a couple of laps. It wasn't long before I heard the splash of his joining me, and our weekend was off and running. We splashed around for a while, then got cozy in a corner for a bit of groping, fondling, petting and kissing. There was a bit of underwater dueling of two hard torpedoes, then it was an unspoken agreement to get out of the pool. He'd brought a pair of towels from the house, and as it was still quite warm, he suggested we sit beside the pool for a while to dry off and get acquainted. We were already very well acquainted as far as that goes, but I finally got a chance to tell him my name was Henry.

We sat at a table, I lit a smoke, and we talked about Lord only knows what. He asked me if there was anything I didn't enjoy doing sexually and grinned when I assured him there wasn't, then we agreed on reasonable 'safe sex' precautions. For as hot as we were for each other, the peaceful setting, the joy of sitting in the nude together stopped us from racing for the bedroom. I enjoyed staring into his steely blue eyes, and I loved to listen to his soft, caressing voice. I began to feel so comfortable and relaxed that I damn near dozed off. I might have except for his suddenly saying something that sounded like "Three way up."

"What three way? We don't want company."

"No, no, nothing. Never mind," he laughed, leaning back and shaking his head. He then began to tell me how perfect I was, and that we were going to have a weekend of a lifetime. He acted as if I was the most fantastic partner he'd ever found, and we hadn't even gotten down to business yet!

The fact that he so enjoyed my being with him made me feel impulsive and a little on the childishly crazy side. I decided, quite suddenly, that this sitting together naked was as idiotic as playing fancy-glancy across the bar

room for a half hour. In pure, playful, impulsive, abandoned surrender, I dropped to my knees on the patio near him, my hands hanging to my sides. I closed my eyes and then I waited, waiting for him to respond. I had no idea what I was doing, or why, but I loved it.

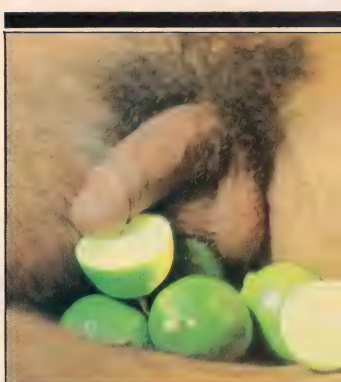
His laughter faded away in a while, then I heard and felt that he was walking around me, considering my pose, with my mouth open and my tongue on my lip like a nun at prayer awaiting communion. After several moments of this, and not wanting to open my eyes, I could hear him breathing as it grew deeper and heavier as well as closer. He was standing before me. The next thing I knew, he was running his hand through my hair and his breathing sounded even more excited and tense. I felt unable to lift my hands or open my eyes.

I felt the hard, hot bulb of his cock's head come to rest on my tongue, and I gently took it into my mouth and began savoring it. His fingers tightened in their grasp of my hair as he adjusted his position before me. He then slowly pulled my very willing face down over his fully hard and immense tool until my nose was pressed into his groin. His considerable length pushed through my pursed lips, over my dancing tongue and sought to lodge itself into the gulping, jerking passages of my throat. I thought of how I might have preferred to swallow his huge tool at my own pace and savor the journey of it, but there was a strange and special thrill of submission in simply being impaled on it like a sheet of paper being put on a spindle.

When I realized I had the whole length of him, I was a bit startled. I knew I was rather good at this, but not THIS good. Never before had I been able to take so much without gagging or having to adjust myself or working hard at it. This time, my whole neck seemed to relax and open up and invite every hard inch of him, without a bit of a problem!

I sputtered to put a bit of moisture into his pubic hair and onto the sac of his balls that I felt on my lower lip, then I tightened them to a firm circle around his strength. I sucked hard and caressed his length with my tongue, the inner walls of my cheeks and the roof of my mouth. I held on tightly, making my mouth a swirling wet glove for his pleasure.

His grasp of my hair to pull me into a backstroke was firm, yet not at all



He then very slowly pulled my very willing face down over his fully hard and immense tool until my nose was pressed into his groin.

painful. It was only enough to make it very clear to me that he was in complete control and that I was not to try to ride on him. He would guide me up and down on his cock as he wanted the movement.

A lot of instinctive excitements told me to let go long enough to burrow my face up under his huge cock to wash his balls and dart my tongue toward his ass hole. There was a very basic instinct to want to reach up and fondle the firm, rounded cheeks of his ass, and to pull his body into my face rather than have him pull me down over it. Yet, for some reason, I felt incapable of any of those things. I merely knelt before him, my hands dangling like heavy weights to my side as he pushed and pulled my head over his raging hot length.

He wasn't humping his beautiful butt at all, so it wasn't a case of face fucking, but it certainly wasn't one of my servicing him either. I thought of a jack off device I had once seen, a sort of sleeve thing one could hold by a handle and work up and down on one's cock. I was being used in just that way. He grasped my hair as the handle of a

sex toy he could masturbate himself with!

I LOVED IT!!!!

After a few marvelous minutes of thrilling to the feel of his hammerhead power pushing deep down into my throat, I began to sense from the way his breathing started to sound more like gasping, and from the way his cock began to stretch and throb across my tongue, that he was reaching his 'point of no return.' He hesitated in his movements of my head and rolled his hips to appreciate the feel of his cock in my mouth as if trying to decide if he wanted to take a break or to go the distance.

It was entirely his choice to make, of course, I had no voice in the matter, I was merely his jack off toy. As it was, he decided not to cum right away, and he withdrew his enormous, red, glistening magnificence from me. He made some strange, meaningless remark as he pulled it from my lips with a kissing sound, and his leaving me seemed to give me permission to grasp at his legs and open my eyes. He playfully pulled back away from me, puffing a bit in his excitement, and trying to laugh and shake his head to tell me he wanted to cool down. Instead of words, he stepped down the shallow end of the pool's steps until his cock hit the water. I think I expected to see some steam rise from that contact.

I had never had an experience quite like that before, but I was sporting a hard and heavy fuck-ready erection of my own over the strange thrill of it. I considered joining him in the water, but my first priority went to having a cigarette.

We spent several minutes anticipating our next play as he showed me around his friend's house. I admired several of the African art pieces, but concluded that the owner was another non-smoker when I had to ask for an ash tray to carry about with me. It wasn't a large house, but it was fabulous, an ideal location for a weekend of lovely lust.

"You're incredible," Keith said again as he grinned and finally sat on the side of the bed and took my arm to urge me to join him. "You're so easy!"

"I'm a tramp and a slut," I laughed.

"That's not what I meant," he grinned, "but those are nice qualities too. Ever kiss with your eyes open?"

"Huh? Ahmm, I dunno". I think maybe I sneak a peek once in a while."

"Try it . . . deliberately," he urged.

He kissed with a passion and excitement that was enough to knock me out in the first place, but adding that extra union with our eyes was enough to pound my senses to numbness. I felt so dizzy and lost that, as we parted from the kiss but not the eye contact, he had to hold me by my shoulders to keep me from falling off the bed. He soothed and assured me with his gentle words, and I remember his finally suggesting that I close my eyes and relax.



He made some strange, meaningless remark as he pulled it from my lips with a kissing sound, and his leaving me seemed to give me permission to grasp at his legs and open my eyes.

"Three," I heard his voice echo, and I felt suddenly disoriented and strange. All of a sudden, I was no longer sitting on the side of the bed, I was on my hands and knees in the middle of it. His hands on my shoulders had been firm, but had he lifted me? I was breathing a lot harder than I had been, even when we parted from that kiss, and I was suddenly aware that I'd worked up a bit of sweat out of nowhere.

I looked up to see him kneeling beside me, his throbbing hard cock spearing up and out from between his legs. I was startled to see it sheathed in a glistening, lubricated condom. "All right, Tiger Lil, you're about to be fucked," he growled softly and urgently.

I didn't mind that idea in the least, but I was suddenly frightened about the jarring change. A kiss as hot as the one we'd just enjoyed usually leads to some heavy fucking, but there's a moment or two between the two events. My hands and knees felt warm, as if I had been crawling around on them. Now, as he climbed in behind me, fondling my ass, I felt the ooze of my hole being lubricated. Where did that come from?! "Don't worry, you're fine," he insisted. "You're going to love it. It'll be the best ever, it's guaranteed."

Somehow I knew he was right about that, I was damned excited about having him fuck me, but I was worried about my fucking sanity! Strange images of crashing through a jungle as if I was some sort of a sleek cat kept flashing at me. He was coming up on my ass like a roaring lion who would sink his teeth into my neck to hold my hole in place. My God, I could feel the echo of a love bite on my shoulder now! "Wait! Hold on . . . just a second," I pleaded.

"C'mon, Tiger, let's fuck before I explode!"

"Yeah, sure, only . . . God, you didn't slip me some kind of a knock out pill or — I'm not into drugs, Keith. Oh, God, I'm so hot!!!"

"Yeah, baby," he agreed, poking his cock at my ass now. "Hey, there's nothing wrong, don't worry. Everything's perfect. Relax it, baby. Oh, man . . . let me in there. Oh, baby, let me get in there. Oh, Tiger, baby. Mmmm . . . let's fuck!"

"Yeah . . . yeah," I squirmed.

I reached back to guide the solid power of him to its target, but he'd already found it for himself. He popped the iron hard knob through my circle of muscles with a sudden push. I let out a bit of a yelp, but not one of pain as much as surprise. His entrance was so quick and easy that I could have sworn we'd spent twenty minutes of heavy duty foreplay getting me to relax my sphincters to this degree of acceptance.

He grasped his hips, adjusted himself, then pushed his raging ram rod

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slowly up into my guts. For a moment, I thought he was pulling my ass down onto it as he had done with my face in the patio, but this was not the case. My insides parted for his entry, and welcomed the powerful intruder. When he was in me to the hilt, he rolled his hips about to stir my guts like a bowl of instant pudding. "You o.k., Tiger? Feel good?"

"Yeah."

O.k., baby. Hang on. Ohhh, baby, this is going to be a fuck! Ohhh, baby, you're so hot and tight in here, I'm going to be in fuck heaven! Hang ... on ..."

"Mmmmm ... purrr ..."

"Yeah ... GrrrrrowwwWWW!"

He kept that promise well enough. He began with what felt like a full length backstroke, and, with what he had, that was a large move! He teased it to the point where I began frantically squeezing my ass to prevent him from pulling it all the way out. He didn't pause, but sent it back into my guts with a full insertion to the hilt that slapped his balls between my legs. He made another full stroke almost as carefully, and seemed to find his depth and his pace. A third stroke was less calculated. Then, it was time to lose count. It took him no time at all to get into a rolling, perfect tempo fuck that had me all but screaming with delight. His thrusts into my guts were about twice as fast as his withdrawals, and they pushed my body forward on the bed. They grew faster and faster with each, but he never shortened the length of them. He was pounding his hard cock into me!

Needless to say, I LOVED IT! I forgot all about how suddenly it seemed to happen after that kiss.

I felt vague droplets of his sweat splatter on my back at about the same time my elbows buckled and my face and shoulders dropped down to the pillow. Again and again, his hot, solid, raging pole drove its length into my guts, passageways that tingled, sparkled, grasped, churned and thrilled to the heavy object surging through them. My hole was a ring of fire from the searing friction.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Oh, Tiger! ... Ugh ... ugh ... Grrrr ... Oh, yeah, BABY! Harder baby ... take it hard ... ugh ... ugh ... Oh, shit, baby! Hot fuckin' ass! Mmmm! Ugh! ... Ughh! Take a hard fuck, baby! Take a hard one! UuughH! Oh, shit, baby, I'm cumming already! Ohhh ... Fuck ... UuughhHHH! Oh, shit ...

fuck ... UuuuHH? AhhhHHHHHHH! Oooooowwwhhhh!"

He drove it deeper than I thought possible. It felt as if it was up into my throat again as it jerked wildly about inside me. He'd been right about that promise too, I couldn't recall ever having felt so gloriously fucked! I rolled my ass lovingly around the cock deep inside it as it jerked and hammered again and again while he gasped and grunted in ecstatic release. His hands dug into the flesh at my hips.

I had a sudden fear that I was liable to cum all over the fancy bedspread, and had to concentrate on preventing that while he completed his orgasm, recovered enough to start to relax and began to ooze his marvously spent meat out of me. I had to struggle again to keep from cumming when, finally, he withdrew his still hard length to reveal the drooping, glistening weight of a huge puddle of thick white juice dangling from the end of the cock's head and imprisoned in the condom.

He collapsed on the bed inside me and worked on regaining his strength. I rolled on my side and reached for a cigarette. He gave me one of those damned smug "don't smoke in bed" looks, but thought better about saying anything. I enjoyed several good drags before he finally asked me if I had a good time, as if asking, "How did you like the movie?"

I assured him that it was fine and dandy and I was ready to book appointments for the encores, then started to try to fight off what strange little sadness that follows especially exciting sex. The thoughts that had frightened me before had returned quite quickly.

"Your turn in a few minutes, soon as I clean up, Tiger," he sighed. He caressed my leg with gentle fingers for a moment, then asked, "You want to be a plain old top man fucker, or do you want to go under and be a God?"

"Huh? Go under? You want to sit on it?"

"Aww, shit, man," he laughed softly. "You go under like an anchor being tossed overboard. I put you out that last time with about three words."

"What?"

"C'mon. Putting you under. Like outside, when I gave you the post hypnotic to be a suck machine, and had you relax your throat to take it real easy ... and the whole jungle trip we took."

"What jungle trip?"

"You don't remember it? Oh, yeah, I guess I told you not to remember what

we did, but some of it usually sneaks through anyway. Hey, be glad I brought you out of it before we fucked, or you could be working on having a litter of tiger cubs."

"This jungle trip—?"

"Man, we had a ball. You had a ball. You were the she cat tiger in heat and I was the horny maneater ... or, I was Tarzan part of the time. Hell, we went all over the house, growing and yowling and with me trying to mount you. It was fantastic!"

I reached back to guide the solid power of him to its target, but he'd already found it for himself.

"Sorry I missed it," I stammered. "Hypnotized."

"I've never seen anyone go under as easy as you do, or anyone that goes quite as deep under as you do. I knew you were going to be a good subject when I tried the bit about biting into a lemon."

"It was a time."

"Whatever. The way your face puckered up told me you were fantastic at receiving suggestions. Hey, c'mon, it's a gas what you can do with sex with post hypnotic suggestions and stuff. We'll have a ball. And, it's quite true what they say about how a person can't be made to do anything he wouldn't do normally, or wouldn't like to do if he had the nerve."

"I feel gloriously fucked ... in more ways than one," I moaned.

"You want to make a real wild fantasy out of fucking me?"

"No thanks." I grumbled again. "I think I can manage to push your guts up into your stomach without extra help."

"Well, you just do that, lover," he laughed. "Because as soon as you're fucked out for the night, you're going under again and we're going to get started on your smoking."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah I'm going to break you of that stinking habit with hypnosis, then I can kiss you without having to taste that fuckin' nicotine."

"What makes you think I'm so crazy about time?"

MIKE RAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA BRYAN

THE
HOT
YOUNG
AND
HUNG
VIDEO
STAR



PRIVATE PORTFOLIO







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MILITARY LIFE

(continued from page 43)

balls to go for the gusto. One the other hand, if you go for someone and misjudge the situation, the results can be nasty. In a bar in the Philippines earlier this year, after being at sea for four months surrounded by hunks, a naval lieutenant with a spotless Academy record and four years as an officer behind him took a chance. He got an enlisted man he'd lusted after in his heart for months alone and made his move—the wrong one. Before the dust settled, Naval Intelligence had arrested them both; the lieutenant was out of the Navy on his ass; and the enlisted sailor was in the brig for punching out an officer. On the same ship, however, a half dozen other sailors and one other officer have still managed to keep their lusts private. Living in the closet isn't fun. If you've ever hidden in the closet as a civilian, you can imagine what it would be like working, sleeping, and showering with the objects of your desire for months on end. The tension can be enormous.

On the other hand, if you can keep your sex-life separate from the ship, or limited to someone of unquestioned discretion, life can be good. In addition to loving men, most gays also like men. The non-sexual "male bonding" that straights feel between "best friends" can be more satisfying to gays who see in others the finest qualities of themselves. Even today there is a tendency for gays to feel themselves a fifth wheel. The strength of friendship bonds which can develop in the Navy and other services is practically unknown in civilian life. While their relatives are marrying and reproducing like rabbits, gay men often feel isolated. As long as sexual release can be directed into safe channels, the friendships derived from the male bonding of comrades-in-arms and the security which comes from having a firm niche in a social structure where you can really feel that you belong can be as satisfying as any platonic-based relationship you will ever encounter.

Another up side of military life complements the job opportunity angle. The military in general, and the Navy in particular, provide education

like no civil organization. Sailors and soldiers can get GED certificates, high school diplomas, college classes, and professional training. Some popular "rates" in the Navy include ET (electronic technician), HT (hull tech. — plumbing and welding), RM (radioman), and many other careers involving skills in demand both in the military and in civilian street. The service provides excellent tech training throughout a career—and most of this training is convertible to college credits on the outside. The Navy even takes college teachers on extended cruises so men can earn college credits in their spare time. Ashore, if sailors want to go to college at night, the Navy pays 90% of the cost. I know of one case of a guy who was a fuck-up of the first order as a kid, dropped out of high school in the 9th grade, and enlisted in the Navy. By the age of 22, he had used the various educational programs and Navy tech training to earn a BA, enter officer training and flight school and was a Navy jet pilot by age 24. If you decide to get out and have learned electronics, accounting, or some other marketable skill, you're set on the outside, especially since many employers automatically give veterans a preference when it comes to hiring. So, by the way, does the Civil Service Commission. Needless to say, a lot of military skills — chipping paint, navigation, and the like — are not useful on the outside. Even navigation, however, can be useful in the merchant marine — which pays able seamen big salaries. The moral here is that if you decide to go into the service, make sure you are guaranteed some job you will enjoy which will be useful on the outside.

The Navy also has the edge on travel. If you're in the Army for years, you usually get a tour in Germany, the States, and Korea. Sailors usually go on one cruise every 18 months or so. Ports of call vary but include Navy bases in such exotic ports as Singapore, Spain, Italy, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Scotland, and Kenya. Of course, you also have Karachi, Diego Garcia, and Guam — but, as they say: no pain, no gain.

Many of the places the Navy takes

sailors are famous as dens of moral turpitude which make Sodom look like South Bend. Sex of every stripe is available in places like Hamburg, Bangkok, and Manila or Olongapo in the Philippines. If you're bi-sexual, nothing can be a stronger bond between you and guys you want to get to know better than going wenching together. As the clothes are shucked and the party heats up, you might even find your buddy coming after you. Sailor haunts really do feature every delicious sexual exhibition known to the mind of man, including donkeys and peso shows! If all else fails, there is nearly always a gay bar or massage parlor nearby, too. All this action is in addition to seeing places your friends back home never will. The military is great for sponsoring safaris of game parks when you stop in Kenya, trips to Raffles when you hit Singapore, climbing trips to Fuji in Japan, and the like. If you want to travel while you work, the Navy is for you.

The military also has a great benefit package. Everyone knows about the PX/Navy Exchanges which offer low-priced goods to servicemen. Wherever military men are based, free libraries, theaters, gyms, pools, bowling allies, and the like are to be found. Free medical care, insurance, moving allowances, rent assistance, the educational programs hinted at above, clothing allowances, security, and great vacation travel and retirement benefits sweeten the pot. What other business trains employees and lets them retire with pensions after twenty years. An 18-year-old can enter the service and retire on a pension at age 38! Of course, the longer he stays in, the higher his pension; but even at 38, with a marketable skill under his belt, with a veteran's PX, travel, and other benefits, the world is a pretty rich little oyster.

So much for the benefits. How you react to the cons depends a lot on your make-up. If you're the type to go with the flow, you should do well. If you're the up-tight, hold-it-in-and-fret type, the service isn't for you. Because the services are open to all persons of every class, background, and educational stratum, you will run into a lot of world-class assholes. If you go in as an enlisted man, many of these jerks will be your supervisors and you'll often think they're so stupid they probably can't wipe their asses without help. For the first year

or so, you'll do a lot of shit jobs. You'll clean latrines/heads, wax passageways, line up for inspections, and otherwise waste a whole passel of time. To be a success as an enlisted puke, you have to smile at the system right in its asshole and believe that, in time, your turn at the gravy will come. The more you learn in the service, the higher you advance, and the less shit you ave to put up with. One way to minimize the initiation period, if you have the buck dollars, time, and motivation, is to get a college degree before you stroke down to visit your recruiter. Even if you have a BA in English literature or Two orthography, the service can use you as an officer. After some training and minimal hassels, you are commissioned and begin your way up the ladder which leads to the Joint Chiefs. If you can't go in with a degree, you have to put up with more shit for a longer period of time, but you can make the military itself pay for your degree.

So you run into some pig-ignorant, biased, incompetent pricks. They exist in any organization. Everyone is thrown together to some extent with folks they don't especially like. The difference in the service is that you have to at least seem to get along else conflict is internecline. The service robs you of elemental freedoms in other ways, too. You are told what to wear on the job. If you're on liberty in a foreign port, you may be required to wear a uniform even in your off time. Even on leave in mufti, you often won't be allowed to wear t-shirts with annoying mesages, "tacky" footwear, and other "substandard" dress. For at least some of your military career, you'll sometimes have to be on call for 24 hours straight. Vacations will come at the whim of your supervisors — often the jerks discussed above. You have to get used to having an ID card to go anywhere or do anything. Your hair and other grooming must conform with military standards. Beards and earrings, for example, are tabu. Especially at first, you'll live in cramped quarters with very little storage, and what you can call private property must be stowed according to military regulations. Government food is plentiful but sometimes vile. Possibly the most dehumanizing aspect of military life is the piss-test. Based upon the last digit of your social security number, periodically you may be called down to hve someone



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watch you pee into a bottle so your urine can be tested for drugs. The subject of drugs brings up another touchy point. When you talk to your recruiter or command once you're in, you should never perjure yourself. You will be asked if you're gay or have ever "experimented" with drugs. Never admit to either. The former will prevent service in the military, the latter will cause problems with advancement once you are in, especially if you ever need a security clearance. If not under oath, lie your ass off. If you are placed under oath, explain that the question is too insulting to be dignified with an answer and stick to your guns.

In the service, you may feel like a tiny cog in a giant, heartless machine or a secure part of an invaluable team depending on your point of view and personality. Oddly, although the military never admits so openly, some "colourful" aberrations are acceptable. While no command encourages alcohol abuse, many look the other way at drunkenness. You're bounced out on your ass if you're gay so you wan to avoid anal diseases which would be hard to explain, but come down with clap of the throat and people wink at you and pat you on the back as they give you the shits. Dope is verboten and anyone who uses it is

stupid because he will eventually get caught, but fast driving, recklessness on motorcycles, and other pages of the book on how to live fast and die young bring you the esteem of your fellows, even if officials may not overtly reward your behavior. The trick in the military is to learn which sins are venial and which are egregious.

If you DO decide the service is for you, shop around to see which branch will do the most for you. Don't be shy about prodding recruiters, but GET ANYTHING THEY PROMISE IN WRITING. Once you're in, you're in and there's no changing the deal in mid-stream until your enlistment is up. Even if the recruiter promises something in writing, from time to time the military will fuck people over. Generally, though, in these days of the volunteer fighting force, the services try to treat their members fairly. They know that if they fuck you over too badly, you won't re-enlist and all your training will be wasted.

The bottom line is that, like any other field of endeavour, military service is not for everyone. The flexible, ambitious guy who is willing to put up with short-term hassels in exchange for long-term security, however, can use years in the service much to his advantage.

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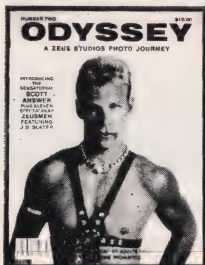
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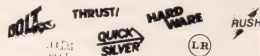
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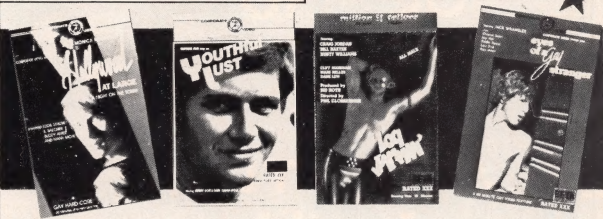
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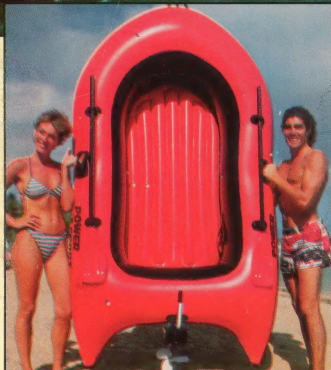
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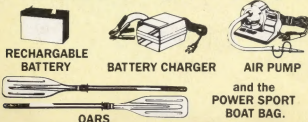
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